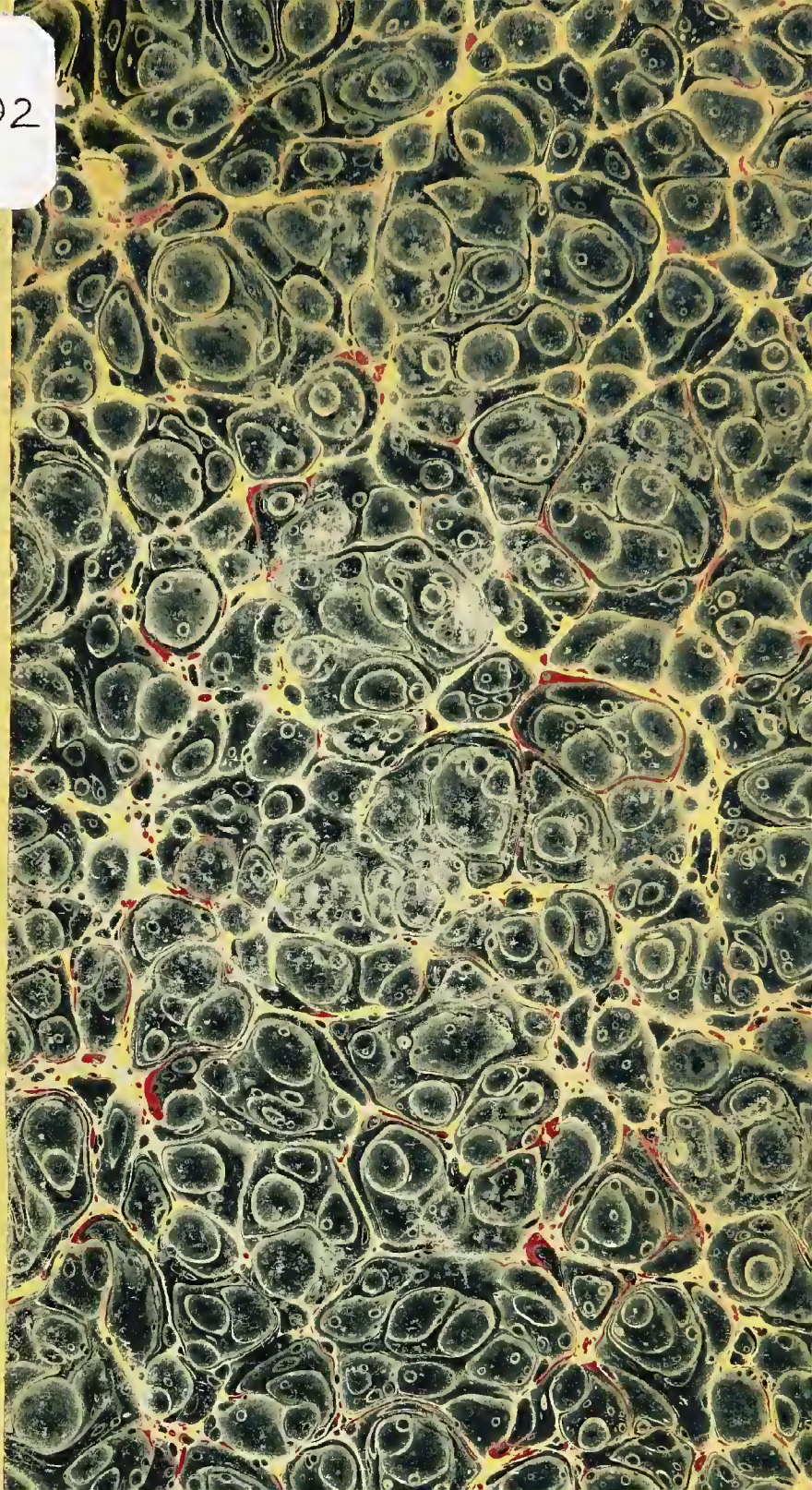
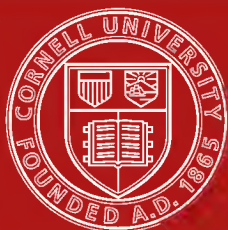


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SAPPHICS

CLINTON SCOLLARD

THOMAS S. JONES, Jr.

CLINTON, N. Y.

GEORGE WILLIAM BROWNING

E.V.

cm

POPPIES

Crimson poppies, bright as the crimson morning,
Bright as torches lit by the fires of sunset,
When I see you swinging like radiant censers
Under the wind's touch—

Then my spirit, swift as the wind, is wafted
O'er the sea-foam, over the waves that welter,
Till I look again on the plain Esdrælon,
Look on the poppies

Swaying, surge on surge, to the mountain bases
Where, with walls of white and with domes that dazzle,
Nazareth nestles, girt by its silvery olives,
Sunk as in slumber.

Yet I know the song of the desert minstrel,
Haunting, weird, is heard in the narrow highways,
And around the well of the Virgin Mary
Gather the maidens,

Low-voiced, slender, jars upon head and shoulder;—
How it all comes back with the flame of poppies
Softly swaying, swinging like radiant censers
Under the wind's touch!

ONLY

Spring will come and go in a maze of wonder,
Skies unfurled again to the lilac weather,
Burdened branches and always a light wind blowing
Just as it used to.

Only you, the secret to me of Springtime,
All of its sweetness, all of its poignant beauty . . .
Only you may never come back, and only
I shall remember.

THE ROAD

Yonder leads the road with its dim recesses,
Beechen boughs that pleach, and the leaning maples,
On and up and on through the dusk that deepens
Into the sunset.

Let us rise, O heart of my heart, and follow,—
Follow love with all of its golden urgency,—
Up the road of life till it fade and vanish
Into the sunset!

AT THE WINDS' CALL

There are winds that surge as the wash of waters,
Strong and full and deep as a storm at flood-time,
Winds that call until in my soul's far reaches
Wakens an answer:

Wild as winds or ever the waste sea's longing,
Wild and lonely, stirred from the depths of hunger;
Lonely winds, more vast are the empty spaces
Deep in my being.

When, at last, shall come the long-wearied silence—
Peace, gray peace, or merely the end of dreaming;
Yet the winds have called, and my heart's old longing
Cries through the darkness!

JUST AT THE MOONRISE

Sing the rush and roar of the deep-sea breakers,
Sing their sob and moan in the purple twilight,
When they roll and plunge on the barren beaches
Just at the moonrise!

Sing the tossing spray and the fleeting spindrift;
Gulls that dip and dart upon wings of wonder;
Ships that fade like dreams on the far horizon
Just at the moonrise!

Sing of hearts that wait in the quiet haven,
Watch and wait for sight of the homing seamen,
Sing of love and pain and of poignant yearning
Just at the moonrise!

TO THE LESBIAN

You, who first unloosed from the winds their burden
On that lyre of magical trembling heart-strings,
Merged within all sorrow and human gladness—
So sang for all time:

Do you never still through the drifting shadows
Seek unseen the ways that you loved in Lesbos,—
Or alone for song's everlasting splendor
Were you made mortal?

APPLES

In the orchard-close on the upland hillslope
Amber hangs the fruit on the laden branches,
Juices won from vats of the god Apollo—
Vats of the Sun-god.

We who quaff this brew in the winter watches,
Quaff this nectar under the frosty pole-star,
Let us toast the lyre of the master singer,
Drink to the Sun-god!

ELEGY

Here shall rest unmoved through the waning seasons
One who knew and dreamed, and forgot in dreaming;
Now alone the trees, who remembered always,
Are his companions.

They to whom he came for their silent healing,
They who ever gave of their ancient patience;
Now alone with them and the night-wind's crooning
Leave him forgotten.

THE HARVEST

Chant the harvest song of the brawny reapers,
Bare arms bronzed, with muscles astrain and gnarléd,
Like the oak boughs tossed by the winds of winter
Hoarse in their triumph!

Chant the scythe, its gleam in the golden windrows
Where the corn-flower shines with its morning sapphire
When the wheat is ripe for the wain in waiting,—
Ripe for the gleaners.

Sing surcease from toil in the long sweet shadows,
Doves that coo and murmur of loving voices,
All the large content in the dreams that gather
After the harvest!

TO A HILL-TOWN

This to you across the swift years that gather,
This to give for ways that were filled with gladness,
Ways hill-girt and under the Spring's first sunrise—
Paths that were golden.

Here they lie in memory's early keeping,
Wind-swept hills dim-misted with purple vapor—
One lone hill and three lonely pine-trees tossing
Black on the sky-line.

For these most—yet dusk on the lake's still edges,
Dusk and moonlight sweeping a wash of silver,
Chime of bells and softly an organ's throbbing . . .
Music and moonlight.

And for them, long gone from the hills of morning,
Song and laughter, voices that faintly echo . . .
All to you, who made as a dream of beauty
Youth's little Springtime!

I

*Flutes, recorders, keening of mournful viols,
Touch of timbrels, music of horn and sackbut,—
Nay, our choice is clear from the haunting lyre-strings
Notes Aeolian!*

*Down from vineyards — grapes that were blessed by
Bacchus;
Up from sea-foam — caves of the frolic tritons,
Hear them wafted, hear them winged as are bird-notes,
Songs of the Lesbian!*

II

*Sighing winds and crooning of gentle waters;
Ilex boughs that tremble with tender music,—
Nightingales that sing in the scented gloaming,—
These for thee, Sappho!*

*Immortelles and chaplets of crimson roses,—
Roses loved of thee and beloved of Lesbos,—
Plaintive notes of lyres and the tears of lovers,—
These for thee, Sappho!*

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OF THIS EDITION OF *SAPPHICS*
ONE HUNDRED COPIES HAVE BEEN
PRINTED AT CLINTON, NEW YORK,
BY GEORGE WILLIAM BROWNING,
DURING JULY, 1910 *No. 81*

